

TARBIYAT
SERIES PART - 3

Stories for Living, Loving, & Learning

STORY TIME



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

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Stories for Living, Loving, & Learning

STORY

TIME



► **TARBIYAT**
SERIES 3



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

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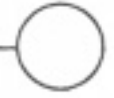
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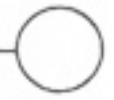
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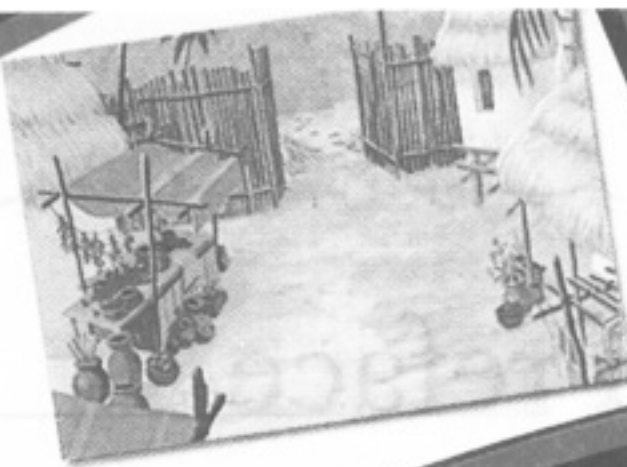
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Preface

The gardener said, “Children are like flowers.” The writer said, “Children are like books.” The physician said, “Children are like medicines.” The painter said, “Children are like paintings.”

We say, “Children are like mortar... mould them in any shape you please, and solidify them with honesty to make them so strong and robust that no power in the world can ever break them.

All these similes solicit that we think for the right brought up of our children—the ones who have been entrusted to us by the future. Tomorrow, they will be the builders of our nation, and will sway its leadership. If they are not trained along the right lines or not developed in the right direction or not cared for the chastity of thoughts, the whole Ummah will be a victim of disintegration and disaster in the near future.

Therefore, children should be brought up properly. They should be adorned with chaste thoughts and character. They should be guided about their aims in life from the very beginning. However, these ideas should be imbibed without any compulsion so that they make these virtues part of their personalities and feel interest in them.

This series of books, which is called “Tarbiyat Series”, is designed to achieve this honorable goal. In this book the standards of ethics are measured in parables. The chastity of character is idealized in narratives and the conclusions are drawn in “morals”. The books in this series also have jokes, puzzles and

poems for the interest of children.

In short, this book is one of the best gifts for children which not only has material of their interest but also about your desires and plans that you want to see blooming in your offspring. Further more you will (Insha Allah) find some stuff on those vices from which you want to save your children.

Al-Hamdulillah, today this book is in your hands. We must acknowledge the efforts of Brother Shiraz Syed, Brother Nasir, Brother Rehan and respected Maulana Saad Sahib who extended their immeasurable cooperation in the compilation of this book.

We are also thankful to respected sister R. Eesa (of South Africa) for her kind co-operation by preparing few Hadith stories. Also thankful to respected sister A. Abdur Raqeeb who spent her precious time translating few stories into English and rectified this book. May Allah Ta'ala reward them abundantly.

This book is a result of heartily desires of a lot of Mashaikh, Ulama-e-Kiram, and the efforts of friends and teachers of Bait-ul-Ilm Trust.

We pray to Allah Ta'ala to make this book instrumental to the right brought up of our children and make it popular with the same sentiment and spirit with which it is compiled and produced. May this book become an asset for our Aakhirah.

Mufti Muhammad Haneef Abdul Majeed

The Patron of Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

Dear Story Timers!

Assalamu Alaikum Warahmatullahi Wabarakatuh

They say, "Delaying things can make one regretful afterwards"

Today is Friday and you are given an assignment at your school, to be completed by Monday. You get back from school and do not feel like doing it. You decide – "I will do it tomorrow" and carelessly throw it onto your desk. On Saturday, you get distracted and postpone your work and decide to do it on Sunday – with full concentration. But when Sunday arrives, the whole day is spent in hanging out with your friends and enjoying it to the fullest. In all the fun, the assignment is forgotten. Now, it's late at night. On the one hand, you are burdened with the thought of completing the work, while on the other hand, your body is exhausted and demands sleep. And so, despite your best efforts, you are unable to complete your work.

Next day, you receive a good scolding from your teacher at school. Still, you are given one more day to get your assignment done. But with this, you are asked to do one more assignment. Now you have two assignments to do!! You quickly start working on the first one. But it takes longer than you expected and you begin worrying about completing the other one. You begin to get anxious at the lack of time and this affects your concentration. As a result, it takes even longer to complete the assignment and you begin to get worried – even a little embarrassed and angry at yourself. You realise your mistake and regret wasting your time. But the time that is lost cannot be retrieved. Just think – How many days have you wasted? Think...! Why did it happen...? What was the reason you could not deliver your work on time...? It was just because of the bad habit of unnecessarily postponing the task at hand. That is why we are told time and again – "Do not put off today's work till tomorrow".

Moving on – we all make mistakes. After all, we are only human. So don't waste even more time getting angry at your mistakes. Being angry at mistakes is not a good way to express frustration. For, whatever had to happen, has already happened. So, don't waste valuable time dwelling on past mistakes. Rather, try to realise the mistakes, learn from them and make sure that we don't repeat them. It is impossible to avoid all mistakes, but we can definitely reduce them. Let's make a new beginning. From now on, let's be careful about what we speak, write and do.

One more thing before we end. Send us your suggestions for they are valuable to us. And, of course, all suggestions are most welcome. As for the face-lift of this series, well, we look forward to having your feedback. We love giving you all something different and unique because all of you are precious to us.

Do write in to us.

Wassalam

Nabeel Ahmad

Saad's Plan

“May his nose be rubbed in dust, may his nose be rubbed in dust, may his nose be rubbed in dust who found his parents, one or both, approaching old age, but did not enter paradise.” {Muslim Shareef}



Part ①

Saad was a ten-year-old boy who lived with his parents and daadi (grandmother) in the city of Islamabad. His daadi was quite old but still, she loved spending time with him and every night, before bed, Saad would crawl into her bed and listen to fascinating stories of the brave warriors of Islam.

One morning, Saad woke up to the loud, noisy sound of people talking. “Who could be in our house so early in the morning?” he asked himself. He opened his bedroom door just in time to see daadi’s doctor enter her room. His father was waiting outside and when he saw Saad, he led him back into his room. His father looked very upset and sighed as he sat on Saad’s bed.

But just as he opened his mouth to speak, Saad cried out, “It’s daadi, isn’t it? Something has happened. What? Tell me. What happened?”

Saad's father didn't want to upset him so he just said that daadi had become a little sick during the night and might have to go to the hospital for a few tests. Saad knew that his father wasn't telling him everything. He knew that daadi was definitely very sick. If she wasn't papa wouldn't be so upset. And also, papa's brothers and sisters wouldn't be here so early in the morning.

'Daadi's condition must be serious for the whole family to visit her at this part of the morning,' he thought to himself.

Saad's father got up to leave the room and instead of following him downstairs, Saad shut his room door and sat down on the floor with his ear to the door, so that he could hear what was going on outside daadi's room. He could hear the voices coming from downstairs but he didn't feel like meeting anyone and the laughter and giggling of his little cousins only made him feel worse. Besides, he was very upset and afraid for daadi and he didn't want anyone to see him cry.

The sound of a siren drew his attention to the window. He looked out of his window and watched two paramedics pull a stretcher out of the ambulance and wheel it into the house. Saad became so afraid that he didn't even feel

the tears as they rolled down his cheeks. He didn't want daadi to go to hospital. He would miss her so much. What if she never came back home? What if she died? Who would sing the *Naats and Nazams* for him? His mother didn't know any and even if she did, she didn't have the time to sing them to him. Who would tell him the stories of Prophets عَلَيْهِمُ الصَّلَاةُ وَالسَّلَام and brave Sahaba رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُمْ when he awoke from a bad dream or couldn't get his sleep at night? His parents would just get irritated and send him back to his room. Who would teach him the Quran and the Sunnats of Hadhrat Muhammad صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ and remind him everyday to practice them? His father barely had the time and patience to help him with his school work let alone teach him anything extra.

'What am I going to do without daadi?' he asked himself.
'What am I going to do?'

He heard voices outside and ran to his window and when he saw daadi being put into the ambulance he began to cry. He sobbed so hard that his chest began to pain but all he could think of was his beloved daadi.

He couldn't take his eyes off the ambulance and as it drove off down the street, he began to pray, "O' Allah.....! Please don't let her die. I need her more than everything."

Please let her get better. If You make her come back home to me safely I promise I will take good care of her, Forever!”

The next few weeks dragged on slowly. Saad and his father visited daadi every evening. His mother was always too busy to go with them to the hospital and only accompanied them after she and dad had an argument. Daadi was slowly getting better and was almost her old self again. She told Saad that she missed him a lot and couldn't wait to come back home. Saad was also getting impatient and could hardly contain his joy when he came home from school one day in time to hear mama tell her friend on the phone that daadi was well and had been discharged from the hospital. However, his joy soon turned to shock and anger as he heard mama continue her conversation.

“Yes, but you know how hard it has been for me,” said Mama. “Towards the end I just couldn't take it anymore. I would just sit down with my novel when she would call for the hundredth time. Either she'd need her medication, or to go the toilet or some tea. I promise you, in these last six months, I never even managed to finish one novel. And you know how I love to read. I couldn't handle it anymore and so I said to Waseem. ‘When your mother is discharged, she will not be welcome back here. She has to go straight to a nursing home.’ Thank Allah that I managed

to find one place that was cheap so Waseem had no excuse.”

Saad didn't wait to hear the rest of the conversation. He dropped his schoolbag on the floor and ran upstairs to his room. When his mother heard the bag fall on the floor she realised that Saad had heard her conversation. She quickly said goodbye to her friend and ran up to Saad's room. She found him lying on the bed with his face buried in the pillows as he cried loudly. She called out his name but he wouldn't answer her. She pleaded with him to tell her why he was crying and after a while, he answered her.

“I'm crying because I want daadi to come home but now you've sent her to some ugly, old home where she'll live all alone. Why does she have to go to a home when we have enough room for her here in our house? And now I'm all alone. Who will sing to me and tell me stories now?”

“Don't be upset, my son,” she said, “I am still here. I'm your mother, remember? I'll sing to you.”

“It's not about me,” sobbed Saad. “It's about daadi. She's all alone in that boring place...”

To be continued

A Sweet Poison

“If we are good and kind to others,
they will be the same to us.”



Fatima was a very unhappy twelve-year-old girl. Her mother had died two years ago and somehow, she and her father had managed until he remarried.

Fatima's whole life changed and she hated her new mother for coming between her and her father.

“Nobody is going to take my mother's place,” she said to herself. “I am not going to take orders from her. I will just have to get rid of her.”

So Fatima visited a man who called himself ‘Doctor.’

“I want to kill my stepmother,” she told him.

“Why...?” he asked.

“I know it's wrong,” said Fatima, “but ever since she married my father, he's hardly spent any time with me. She acts as if she's my real mother and pretends to be very

nice to me but I know she hates me. She lies about me to my father because he's always angry with me lately and orders me to be nice to her. If she just died I would have my father back."

'The Doctor' smiled at her and said gently, "I have the perfect poison for you. But you will have to offer to make your stepmother's tea every morning so that you can put two drops of the poison into it every morning. But you must remember, act very nicely and lovingly towards her so that she or your father don't suspect anything. The bottle of poison will take a few months to finish and by the time it finishes, your stepmother will die."

Fatima began waking up early every morning so that she could make her stepmother's tea. Her father was very surprised by Fatima's new attitude and he thanked Allah Ta'ala for answering the duas he made every night asking Allah Ta'ala to help Fatima learn to love her new mother.

Fatima's stepmother was also surprised because she had also begged Allah Ta'ala's help with Fatima. She liked Fatima a lot and was happy that Fatima was giving her a chance to be a good mother to her.

The weeks passed and Fatima soon realised that she began to enjoy making her mother's tea and talking with

her at the kitchen table as she drank it. She was growing to like and respect her new mother as they began to spend more and more time together.

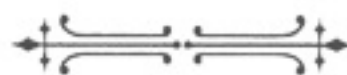
Two months later, Fatima's stepmother got very sick and had to go to hospital. Only then did Fatima realise how much she missed her and that she had actually grown to love her.

"Maybe the poison is starting to work," she thought to herself as she hurried back to the Doctor.

"Please.....you have to help me," she begged him. "I have grown to love my stepmother very much and I don't want her to die. Can you give me something to stop the poison?"

The Doctor smiled and said, "That bottle I gave you was not filled with poison but with water. By being nice to your stepmother you gave her the chance to be nice to you. And so you both learnt to love each other. Don't worry, my child. Your mother will not die."

Fatima was very relieved and thanked Allah Ta'ala for guiding her to this wise old man.



A Scholar in China

"I testify that there is no
god but Allah Ta'ala."



A Muslim scholar once visited few cities of China to give lectures to the local Muslim community. One day, he was scheduled to give a lecture at a local hall in a small city. He took a taxi to take him with his companions to the local hall.

They got into the taxi and the scholar asked about the duration of time it would take to get to the lecture hall. The taxi driver said, through the interpreter, "Two hours."

The Scholar immediately turned to his companions and said, "Well, we cannot sit in this taxi with the driver for two hours and not talk to him about our religion. If we did that we would be no different than any other non-Muslim who uses this taxi. We are the people that Allah Ta'ala chose to carry His message and honored us to be Muslims. It is our duty to tell this person about Islam."

However, the driver was a native Chinese and did not understand their language. They had to talk to each other through a translator.

The Scholar said to the translator, "Ask the man if he believes in any religion."

Driver: "No, I don't believe in any religion. I just get up in the morning, go to work and earn money. At the end of the day, I collect my money and go buy some food and drink for my family. What do I need religion for?"

Scholar: "Ask this man if he has ever heard anything about Islam."

Driver: "Not much. I've seen a tape once and showed Muslims as violent people. I don't know much else."

Scholar: "Ask him about computers. What does he think of computers?"

Driver: "I think the computer is an excellent invention. It is very useful and very sophisticated."

Scholar: "Does he think that the computer could have invented itself or does he think that a human being invented it?"

Driver: "A human invented it, of course. It is not capable of inventing itself."

Scholar: "Which one is more complicated the computer or the human being?"

Driver: "The human being is more complicated, of course."

Scholar: "Okay if the computer must have been invented by a human being, then it follows that a human being (which is more complicated) must also have a creator."

Driver: "Yes.....I guess so."

Scholar: "In Islam, we believe that Allah Ta'ala is the creator of human beings and all other beings. Assume that you have never seen a computer before and never heard of it. If I brought a computer to you and gave it to you, would you know what to do with it? Would you be able to use it to its full potential?"

Driver: "No, I wouldn't."

Scholar: "Now, if I gave you a manual for the computer, then you will be able to use it better. Correct?"

Driver: "Correct!"

Scholar: "In Islam, we view Quran as the manual used by human beings to manage their lives. Without this manual, they will ruin themselves! Now, if this inventor of the computer assembled the machine and printed the manual, what would be the next step? He would need to train some engineers and others on how to spread the message about this machine. These people would, in turn, train others and others until everyone knows about the machine. In the example of Allah Ta'ala and the Quran, the prophets of Allah Ta'ala play the role of the engineers. They learn the message and teach it to others so that the message will spread. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ is the final messenger of Allah Ta'ala and he was ordered to take the message to all human beings."

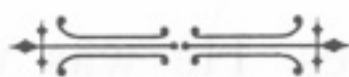
By this time, the trip was almost coming to an end and they were reaching the lecture hall. But the Scholar could see that there were tears coming out of the driver's eyes. The words of the Scholar had had a significant effect on the driver.

Driver: "I find your ideas very interesting. Do you mind spending 15 minutes more with me to tell me about this religion?"

The Scholar agreed to spend those few minutes with this person. The man asked many questions and seemed

genuine in his desire to learn more about the religion Islam. At the end of these few minutes, the driver said: "I want to join this religion of yours. How do I do that?"

He was told that all he needs to do is say: "I bear witness that there is no God but Allah Ta'ala and I bear witness that Muhammad ﷺ is his servant and messenger."



The Diary

“Listen to others’ advice.
Then let your heart be your guide.”



mmar was the youngest in the family. He had two sisters Ayesha and Maria and also an elder brother named Nasir. Waleed had some good and some bad qualities. He was very sharp and good in his studies as well as in sports. He always gave respects to others. Some times Ammar would hide his sister’s and others stuff and never tell them that he did it and everyone would get worried about their stuff. His Mother and sisters did talk to him regarding his bad habit but he took it as a joke. Since he was the youngest no one got angry at him.

Uncle Zeeshan was a brother of Ammar’s father. He lived and worked in Saudi Arabia. He once visited Karachi on vacation for a week. He had a diary in which he used to write about his meetings and plans for the future. As soon as Ammar saw the diary he made a plan to hide it. Next morning uncle came out of his room saying, “Where is my diary?”

Everyone got upset about his lost diary. Uncle was also very worried about his diary. Ayesha and Maria knew that their brother Ammar must have hidden the diary. However no one said anything. Then they said, "Don't worry about the diary, uncle. We will try hard to find it."

Ayesha and Maria sat down with Ammar and said to him, "Brother, we know you have hidden uncle's diary. Please give it back to him. He is our uncle and visiting us from very far. This diary is very important to him." Ammar didn't take any notice of their pleas and asked what proof they had to show that he had hidden the diary. After saying that, he left the room. Everyone looked everywhere in the house for the diary, but no where to be seen. Finally, Ayesha and Maria decided that they would talk to uncle. So both went to uncle's room and said, "We could not find your diary, but we think Ammar has hidden your diary somewhere and he is not telling anyone." After listening to that, Uncle smiled and said, "Let me find out about the diary."

Next morning Ammar came out of his room screaming, "Where is my bat and hockey? Who took it from my room?" Nasir said to Ammar, "No one went to your room. You must have left it somewhere." Waleed did not answer to him and went to his sisters and asked them. Ayesha replied, "I think there is something wrong in this house things just

get disappeared.” Maria added, “Yes, Isn’t it strange? Two days ago uncle’s diary went missing and now its your bat and hockey.” Ammar looked at them angrily and then went to mom and complained. Mom said to him, “Son, the way you are reacting right now, other people can also react like this when you hide their things. You should think and behave yourself. A person who gives a hard time to others is punished by Allah Ta’ala.” After listening to this Ammar left the house without saying anything. The same evening uncle came out of his room and said, “I found my diary Someone left it on my bed.”

Ammar learned his lesson from Uncle. When uncle was leaving to go back to Saudi Arabia, Ammar went up to him and apologized for hiding his diary, and promised him that he would never do that again.



A Wise Ruler

“Justice is colour-blind. Judge people by their actions, not their appearance.”



Both of them were going on their horses towards their native land. Happiness was visible from their faces. In the anticipation of reaching their home, they were making their horses run fast. But when the beasts appeared to be tired, they would rest them in meadows for a short while.

One of the riders was 40 years of age but appeared younger whereas the other one was 28 years old. The two brothers had moved out of their land to seek jobs and were returning home after 8 years. While passing by a city, they heard an old beggar making an unusual request.

“Is there anyone who will place some money on my hand so that I can taste the pleasure of wealth?” he cried.

When the two men heard it, they put all their savings on his hand. But when after some time they asked for their money, the beggar started shouting that they were trying

to rob him. People gathered around and took them all to the king.

The beggar claimed that it was his money. When the brothers tried to snatch it away, he screamed out and that's why they were brought to him.

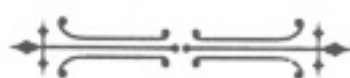
The brothers presented their story as follows. They worked as butchers and had come in that country to earn money and were returning home when they heard the beggar make an unusual request. They took pity on him and gave him the money which he cunningly claimed to be his.

The King ordered to bring a vessel containing hot water. Everybody was surprised as to why the King was doing that instead of making a decision. The brothers got terrified that the King must be planning to punish them severely.

The King took all the money which was in the form of gold and silver coins and put all of it into hot water. Afterwards he returned it to the brothers.

All courtiers were amused by his decision and one of them asked, "Respected King, how did you get to know about it?"

The King replied, "The brothers were butchers who cut and sell meat. The meat residue was left on their coins which was removed once the coins were dipped into water. Thus I concluded that the beggar was lying and the two men were honest in their claim."



The Helping Hand

“A helping hand is
always appreciated.”



Sir Arshad was a teacher at the Govt. Boys School. Every morning he would come to the class smiling. He was always the first one to greet students with *Assalamu Alaikum*. However one day when he came to the class, he looked a little worried. He also forgot to greet them that day. All the students also got worried. One of the student asked about his condition. Sir Arshad replied, “*Al-Hamdulillah* everything is fine.”

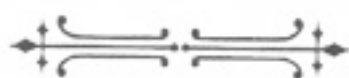
An hour later class was over. Sir Arshad left for the next class. A couple of students went to the staff room and asked other teachers about any Sir Arshad’s condition. One teacher who was also very close to Sir Arshad told the students that yesterday he had lost his salary getting back to home. The Students also got upset after hearing that. Both the students went back to the class and asked other students to stay back after school was over. All the students stayed back. One student told everyone about Sir

Arshad losing his salary. Then he gave his opinion that they should collect the money and give it to Sir Arshad. Another student said, "Sir Arshad will never accept money from us." "What should we do now?" asked one student. Some students said, "We should all collect whatever money we can, then we should money order the money to Sir Arshad." Most of the students liked that idea. "However, there is one problem," said a student. "What address should we write on the form of money order? If we write the wrong address and Sir Arshad does not get the money, then it will be wasted." One student who had been silent so far said, "Write a note on the form saying we found this money in school we thought it must be yours." Everyone agreed.

All the students collected the money and sent it to Sir Arshad. Few days later Sir Arshad got the money order. He was very surprised to see the money. He had a little bit of an idea that this money had been sent by someone from school. Sir Arshad was very happy that he had got his money back. All the teachers and students wished him regarding the money being found. Next day, during lunch hour, when Sir Arshad was coming back to the staff room from Zuhr prayer. A student approached him and asked, "Excuse me, Sir. Are you Sir Arshad?" He replied, "Yes I am. May I help you?" Then the student took out an envelop and gave it to Sir Arshad and said, "Three days ago when

you came for Zuhur prayer, you dropped this envelope in the Masjid. The same day I came to the staff room to give it back to you but you had left. Yesterday I had to take my mother to the doctor, so I did not come to school. I am sorry for not being able to return your money sooner.” It was the same envelope Sir Arshad had lost. Sir Arshad took the envelope with a polite thank you to the boy. He looked in the envelope, everything was there.

From the Masjid Sir Arshad went to the principal’s office and explained everything to him. The principal said “Someone from school must have helped you. Find out from your students and staff members regarding the money order.” Sir Arshad went to his class and mentioned everything. At that time the students did not say anything but later on students gathered together and decided that two of them should go and explain everything to him. So they went to Sir Arshad and told him everything. The students also refused to take back the money. Later they decided to donate this money to the student who returned the envelope to Sir Arshad. That student was in need of help. So the next day, Sir Arshad gave the money to that student.



A Day's Work

"Don't leave your work
for tomorrow."



And this year again, the student who got first position in the school is... Syed...Umar...Ali...! Hearing this from the teacher's mouth, I was overjoyed. All my friends were congratulating me and amid all the festivities. I was slowly moving towards the stage to receive the prize but all of a sudden, I heard my Mother calling, "Get up Umar, you have to leave for school." And with this, a hard slap came up my way. I quickly got up from bed and was thinking of confronting this calamity when Mother threw a sarcastic remark at me, "You sleep late in the night, that is why you do not wake up on time."

I opened up my eyes and rubbing my cheek took a view of my surroundings. It occurred to me that it was all a dream. I remembered that I had forgotten to set the alarm but what could be done now? The school van had left and now I would have to take a bus, travelling halfway on foot. Thank goodness that I had 45 minutes remaining.

I jumped to my feet and rushed into the bathroom. It took me 15 minutes! there. After changing into my uniform and as I was putting on my shoes, I realized that they were not polished. It came back to me that Mother had always asked me to arrange things beforehand in order to avoid the last minute hassle but I never paid attention to it.

Then I combed my hair which seemed to have decided to annoy me all the more. As I was trying to set my shabby hair, Papa kept on making fun of my laziness. I was getting late so I came out of the house without eating any breakfast. At the bus-stop when I tried getting into the bus, someone pushed me hard and I fell off the bus.

I got up quickly and removing the dirt from my uniform and avoiding people's glances, got back onto the bus and paid the bus-fare. When it was time to get off, I moved on towards the door but as I tried to get down, the passengers who were coming in kept on pushing me back. It was a difficult task which I achieved somehow. There were only 5 minutes left for the school to begin. I started running full speed towards the school. As I looked down, I was appalled to see my right thumb peeping out of the shoe as if it was also laughing at my miserable state. Then I realized that I had forgotten to get it mended a day before.

When I got school, the first period was in full swing

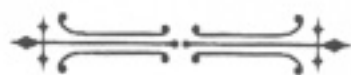
and the chemistry teacher was marking off copies. When my turn came I remembered that I had gotten too busy talking to my friend and that's why I could not arrange the notebooks according to the time table. Another slap and with it my teacher's fingers left their imprint on my already bruised cheek. I had been twice punished for my carelessness since morning and I was really angry at my poor memory.

Finally, the bell rang and it was time to go home. I returned by van, quite peacefully. The van left me at the street corner. I started walking on the road-side as the road was all muddy because of recent rains in the city. I was walking carelessly reflecting on everything that had happened that day. Unfortunately, I stepped on a banana skin thrown away by some fool. As a result I slipped and fell onto the ground, covering myself with mud from head to toe. When I knocked at the gate my mother's remark added insult to injury. She said, "Go away, beggar.....! The food is not ready yet. Please come later." This infuriated me and I pleaded that It was me her dear son! She started laughing and I straight away went into the bathroom.

Afterwards, I ate a hot meal and was about to go to sleep when Father intercepted me and handed over his clothes to be ironed for the following evening. I took them

from Papa but was too tired to iron them now. I thought of getting a little sleep and then doing them afterwards. Having satisfied myself by this thought, I lied down and slept. When I woke up, I was fresh. I resolved that from now onwards I would do all of my things on their proper time and wouldn't delay anything. As I was having these kind of thoughts, I heard Papa calling.....

“Umar, have you ironed my clothes? Bring them quickly, I am getting late!” Hearing this I placed my hand on my face because this time the noise of my being slapped would echo in the whole neighbourhood since there was no electricity. Maybe you also heard the noise. Friends.....! You must have seen that by not doing things on their proper time, one gets into difficulty and trouble and it also hurts your parents, friends and teachers. In order to avoid any loss, one must not postpone one's work.



Saad's Plan

"It is one of the greatest sins that a man should curse his parents."



Part ②

"No, she's not," interrupted his mother. "There are many other people in the old home who are the same age as your grandmother, so she will make many friends. You know how friendly she is. And the most importantly, there are doctors and nurses to take care of her all the time, so that she doesn't get sick again. There are also lots of other facilities there for her to enjoy. We were very lucky to get her a room there. It is such an expensive, beautiful place and it took your Papa such a long time to get her a room there. There were endless forms to fill and we couldn't believe it when they finally phoned to tell us that they would give her a room."

Saad knew that his mother was lying to make him feel better but he knew in his heart that he had to get daadi out of that lonely home.

"But how?" he kept on asking himself.

He stayed on his bed for a long time after his mother had left his room, trying to figure out a plan to help daadi. He tried to remember whatever daadi had taught him but all he could remember were her words, “Whenever you need help or advice, always look into the Quran or the Hadith of our beloved Nabi Muhammad ﷺ. You can only trust these two things to help you.”

These words kept coming into his mind but how could the Quran and Hadith help him with this problem?

‘I don’t think that there were problems like these at the times of our beloved Nabi ﷺ he thought to himself.

Saad spent the whole afternoon trying to think of a plan but all he could think about was daadi’s advice. She always gave him good advice, so after his Asr salaah he decided to try looking into the Quran and Hadith. He opened the Quran and his eyes fell on two verses that had the words ‘give thanks’ and ‘kindness to parents’. Saad didn’t understand exactly what the verses meant but he knew that they had something to do with being thankful and kind to our parents.

He wrote down the verses and closed the Quran. He didn’t know where to check in the Hadith and he prayed to Allah Ta’ala to help him, just how daadi had taught

him. The first Hadith he found was about good treatment of parents. He didn't understand it properly but he wrote it down anyway. The next Hadith had the words 'parents' and 'paradise' and 'serving them' in it. Saad didn't understand this hadith either but he wrote it down as well. He began searching for more Hadith but he heard his mother calling him for supper so he put away the Quran and Hadith books and went to the dining room. He couldn't wait to go back into his room and read whatever he had written down, so he ate very quickly and asked if he could go to his room. He noticed that his father hadn't been eating much lately as well and hardly spoke to them. Saad knew that his father was also missing daadi, although he never said so.

'All he has to do is just bring her home,' Saad thought.

Daadi had told him so many stories and Hadith about how important it was to take care of our parents and elders. Surely she had taught papa the same thing! But then Saad remembered what daadi had taught him about Shaytaan and how powerful he could be.

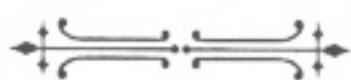
'Maybe papa is just too weak to fight him,' he thought.

Saad sighed helplessly. He loved his parents very much but they had failed him by taking away from him the one person who loved and taught him more than anyone else.



He would have to do something to show them how wrong they were. He knew that they were just too busy with their lives to realise how much they were hurting daadi and him.

Saad left the table and as he walked to his room, he begged Allah Ta'ala to show him the best way to help daadi. He locked his room door behind him and took out the piece of paper he had hidden in his pocket. He studied the verses from the Quran and Hadith that he had written down. He read them over and over and eventually he fell asleep. The Fajr azaan woke him up the next morning. The moment he sat up in bed, his mind filled with ideas and all of a sudden, he knew what he had to do. He offered his salaah and tried to go back to sleep but he couldn't. He was too excited and decided that instead of wasting time in sleeping, he would work out his plan.



To be continued



Hasan And his Bicycle

“Ask Allah Ta’ala whenever
you are in need of anything.”



A 7 year-old-boy named Hasan had just come to class 2nd. He had one sister named Rida. She was 5 years old and studied in prep class. From a very young age Hassan and Rida’s parents had always taught them to ask Allah Ta’ala whenever they needed anything. Both kids had also memorized lots of duas. They started every thing with Bismillah. When Hasan and Rida woke up early in the morning they recited dua, when they ate or had done eating they recite dua, when they entered or exited the bathroom they recited dua, also when they slept at night they recite their dua.

Hasan had just learned to ride a bicycle. His father brought a three-wheel tricycle. But he wanted to have a bigger two-wheel bicycle. Every night when Hasan went to bed, he would dua “O’ Allah.., you know I want a bigger cycle. Please give me a bicycle.” Hasan’s sister Rida also made dua for her brother.

One day Hasan's father brought a bicycle for Hassan while coming from work. As soon as Hasan saw the bicycle he said to his father,

Hasan: "How did you get to know I wanted a bicycle?"

Father: "Allah Ta'ala put it in my heart, my son."

Hasan: "I used to make dua to Allah Ta'ala every night for a bicycle."

Father: "Yes, Allah Ta'ala knows everything and listens to everyone."

Hasan raised his hands and said, "Thank you Allah Ta'ala! I love you very much." Hasan went to the park with his father and sister to ride the bicycle in the evening. He also shared his bicycle with his friends. Once Hasan said to his mother, "Mother, I am going to visit my friend Zafar." Mother said, "Do not take very long and be careful, say your dua before you leave." Hasan's friend Zafar lived very close to his house. Hasan wanted to show Zafar his new bicycle.

Hasan said his dua before coming out of the his house, sat on his bicycle and rode it to his friend's house. Hasan had gone a little distance, when he heard a noise and his

bicycle stopped. He looked down and found his bicycle had a flat tire. Hasan was very upset. He climbed down and walked with the bicycle. His friend's house was very close. Hasan was also making dua to Allah Ta'ala about the flat tire. As soon as he reached his friend's house, he saw his friend's father working in the garage. Hasan said Assalmu Alaikum, and then asked about Zafar. Zafar's father asked Hasan about his bicycle. Hasan told him that his bicycle had a flat tire. Zafar's father said, "It is very easy to fix. I can do it in my garage." Zafar's father took Hasan's bicycle and started working on the flat tire, and asked Hasan to go in and see Zafar. Hasan went inside and found Zafar. Hasan told Zafar about his bicycle. They came outside and looked at the bicycle being fixed. In no time, the bicycle was ready to be ridden. Hasan shared his bicycle with his friend Zafar. After some time Hasan left for his home. When he got home, he said to his mother,

Hasan: "Mom, you know my bicycle had a flat tire."

Mother: "Really, did you recite your dua when you left?"

Hasan: yes.....

Mother: "Did you recite your dua when you sat on the bicycle?"



Hasan: "Oh no! I forgot about that."

Mother: "Alright, always remember your duas. Who fixed your bicycle?"

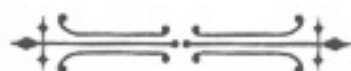
Hasan: "Zafar's father did. He is very nice."

Mother: "Yes, did you say JazakAllahu Khair جَزَاكَ اللهُ خَيْرًا to him?"

Hasan: "Yes Mom, I did."

Mother: "That's great. You know Hasan, sometimes Allah Ta'ala test us to see if we remember Him or not. Always in good or bad situation remember Allah Ta'ala. Everything comes from Allah Ta'ala alone. He is the only one who can help us."

Hasan: "I will remember that mom. Jazakillahu khairan."



A Dream

“Don’t forget your real life, and
go on doing good deeds.”



lion was chasing a man in his dream. The man ran to a tree, climbed on top and sat on a branch. As he looked down, he saw the lion come to the tree and sit down at the bottom of the tree waiting for him. Soon the man looked to his side, where the branch he was sitting on was attached to the tree and saw that two rats, one black the other white, were spinning around and eating the roots of the tree. The tree would fall to the ground any time. The man then looked below again with fear and discovered that there was a hole next to the tree and a big black snake was sitting inside the hole with his big mouth open, waiting to eat him. The snake had opened its mouth right under the man so that he would fall into it. As he sat in confusion and fear about what to do next, a drop of honey dropped on to his hand. The man then looked up to see where it came from. He saw another branch with a honeycomb attached to it. Drops of honey were falling from it. The man became greedy. He wanted to taste the drops of pure honey. So, he put his

tongue out and tasted one of the falling drops of honey. The honey was amazingly delicious in taste. So, he kept his mouth open to taste another drop. In a little while he got lost in the sweetness of the honey. He forgot about the lion and the snake in the hole waiting for him and the rats eating the branch of the tree. Shortly, he woke up from his sleep.

To get the meaning behind this dream, the man went to a pious scholar of Islam. The scholar said "The lion you saw is your death. It always chases you and goes wherever you go. The two rats, one black and one white, are the night and the day. The black one is the night and the white one is the day. They circle around, coming one after another, to eat your time as they take you closer to death. The big black snake in the hole with a dark mouth is your grave. It's there, just waiting for you to fall into it. The honeycomb is this world and the sweet honey is the luxuries of this world. We like to taste a drop of the sweet luxuries of this world. Then we taste another drop and yet another. Slowly, eventually.....we get lost in it and we forget about our time, we forget about our death and we forget about our graves."

After hearing this, the man thanked the scholar and also thanked Allah Ta'ala that it was a dream, and prayed to Allah Ta'ala to save him from the distractions of the world.

The Mystery of the Shoes

“Everyone needs helping sometimes, and a true friend is who always looks forward to fulfilling it.”



Bhaijan's (brother's) real name was Kamran but Ammi (Mother) and Abbu (Father) used to call him Munnay Meyan (nickname). We never expected him to do what he had been doing since three months. This was because he was a student of class 10. Every month he kept losing a pair of shoes, and this had made everyone suspicious and worried.

When he came home from school, without shoes, for the third consecutive month, Ammi got worried and inquired about it strictly. His explanation did not satisfy Ammi and the case was presented before Abbu,

“Okay, Munnay Meyan! Tell me, where did your shoes go?”

“Abbu, I told Ammi about it,” he said in a feeble voice.



“But its not very convincing. How is it possible that your shoes are always taken away from the Masjid (Mosque) when you go there from school? This cannot happen all the time. Other people and I go to the same Masjid but have never lost our shoes. Tell me honestly. This time you will not be pardoned off.”

“Umm...er...Abbu...,” Munnay Meyan stuttered.

Abbu did not say anything further but the next day he went to Bhaijan’s school and explained the matter to the principal.

The principal called Kamran’s class teacher and asked him to find out the real story behind these episodes.

Abbu went to his office, satisfied. Mr. Sultan returned to his class and tried to coax Kamran into telling him the truth but Kamran did not let him know either.

Next day, Mr. Sultan called up the three students whom he had punished for not wearing new shoes a few days back. They were poor students and could not afford new shoes. Mr. Sultan knew that but he had to punish them in accordance with school rules.

But today they were wearing brand new shoes. He

brought them to the principal and asked about their new shoes. They told honestly what had happened. Mr. Sultan called up Abbu and made the matter clear to him. Abbu felt very happy at his son's doings.

After dinner, on the same day, Abbu asked Munnay Meyan to come to his room, alone. After they sat down, Abbu began, "Okay, so I have come to know how you lost your shoes," he paused.

"Er...Abbbu..." Bhaijan opened his mouth to say something.

"I know, the first time you lied, you gave away your shoes to your class fellow Adnan because he could not afford new shoes, the second time you repeated it with Ahmad and the third time with Saqib." After a brief pause, Abbu continued,

"Son, I am happy that you take care of your friends but there was one mistake that you committed."

"What was that Abbu?" asked Bhaijan.

"Why did you count on lies? Had it not been better if you had trusted us. We would never have stopped you from helping them. You must have read in the Quran that

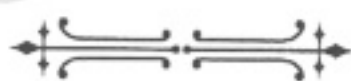
we should give away our extra naimats (bounties) to the poor and needy. They have a right over it. We thank Allah Ta'ala that he has blessed us with more than our needs. Therefore, we should help those around us."

"Oh Abbu..! I will take care from next time."

Bhaijan felt as if a weight had been lifted from his head. He took permission to leave.

Downstairs, we were waiting anxiously for him. Ammi and I were afraid that Abbu might punish him but we were relieved to see Bhaijan's smiling face.

We were more happy when Bhaijan told us about his generosity. This is how the long debate about shoes came to an end.



Usman's Eid

“Sacrifice means you give up something
you love, for a high purpose”



“**I** found the moon,” said seven-year-old Usman to his father.

“Where?” asked Usman’s ten years old brother, Salman.

“See that big tree? Its right next to it,” replied Usman.

The boys were trying to sight the new moon for the beginning of the Islamic month of Zil-hajjah. Eid would come ten days from the sight of the moon.

“Oh, I see it now,” said Salman.

“Dad, can we go tomorrow to buy a goat?” asked Usman.

“Sure, we’ll go tomorrow after the Zuhr prayer,” replied their father.

The next day, the two boys and their brother Saad got into the car with their father. They were going to the

neighbouring hills to buy a goat to slaughter on the day of Eid.

“We are going to bring the goat home this time,” said their father, “So you will have to take care of it and feed it. You can also play with it.”

“Alright I will take care of it, and take it for walks” said Usman, “I’ll also teach the goat some tricks.”

The boys and their father finally found a goat and took it home. The next day, Usman woke up early long before the time he used to wake up. He washed and dressed, then went outside to play with the goat. His brother Salman and Saad were already outside playing with the goat.

“Assalamu-alaikum,” they said together.

“Wa-alaikumus-salam,” replied Usman.

“We have decided that we will take turns to feed the goat. Everyone will take care of the goat for one day. You can be the first one to feed him,” said Salman.

“Okay,” said Usman, “where is the food?”

“Right here,” replied Salman, pointing to the food

kept in a corner.

“Make sure, you give him enough water and hay,” said Saad.

Usman then called the goat. The goat came to him obediently and ate the food. Then it drank a little water.

The boys kept on taking turns until the Eid day. Many times they took it for walks around their neighbourhood. One time, as Salman was getting out of his house to go for the Maghrib prayer, the goat followed him. Salman then had to force the goat back into the backyard, which the goat resisted very much. The boys started liking the goat very much.

After the Eid prayer, on the Eid day, the family returned home. It was time to slaughter the goat.

“D-d-dad, why are you going to k-k-kill the goat?” asked Usman, who was nearly crying, as his father sharpened his knife.

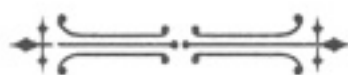
“We have to kill him, because Allah has ordered us to,” came the reply, “Every Eid-ul-Adha, Muslims all over the world, those who can afford it, slaughter a goat, sheep, lamb, cow, or a camel. Hazrat Ibrahim عليه السلام was ordered by Allah to sacrifice his son as a test. He was about to

do that because it was Allah's order, but then Allah provided him with a ram to slaughter, and Ibrahim عليه السلام slaughtered that. Muslims are asked to slaughter a cattle. You will also be slaughtering an animal when you grow up."

Usman did not reply but rather watched his father as he slaughtered the goat. Then he ran into the house, because he could not stand watching the goat die.

Salman went after him and explained everything to him again that his father had said before. Usman finally understood, but he still seemed sad.

The boys then helped their father in doing the rest of the work. As he kept thinking about it, Usman realized he had just learned the meaning behind the word "sacrifice" now: you give up something you love for a higher purpose. He had become happy now because he knew they had sacrificed the goat because Allah had commanded them to do so. Then he went into his house and started helping his mother with the meat.



A Lesson

“One act of kindness often inspires
another.”



The early morning breeze was blowing pleasantly. The birds were chirping gaily. Together the sounds were making the atmosphere very enchanting. I had entered the park a few minutes ago. It was my routine to go for a morning walk before getting ready for college. I had walked for a little while that I was taken aback by the sight of a 10-year-old child, counting money. His school bag was lying on the grass. I was surprised as to what was he doing there at this time of the morning.

I asked him, “Kid, what is the matter? Don't you have to go to school?”

He looked at me, mounted his satchel on his back and silently went away, making me all the more curious.

The next day, I found him again doing the same thing. I went near him and asked, “Is there no need for you to

go to school? Is money more valuable than education?"

He smiled at me and said, "How do you know what my mother says. She also keeps telling me that school is more important."

I smiled at his innocence and said, "I don't know your mother but tell me why do you count money everyday at this place?"

"I will buy books from this money and write a letter to my friend's father."

I looked at him with surprise. I had imagined that he would talk about buying chocolates or toys and so on.

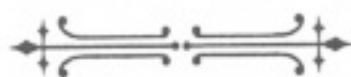
"But you do have books, don't you?"

"Oho..! You are such a simpleton. These books would be for my friend whose father has gone to Allah Ta'ala. He has written many letters to him but he did not reply back. He did not send him new books either. Our teacher punishes those children who do not bring course books. I am collecting money to buy new books for him."

This time I'll write to his father myself. Maybe he is angry with my friend."

I was astonished at learning all that. After telling me about his noble purpose, the boy left.

It has been a long time since this event happened but to this day I remember the lesson of compassion, love and generosity that he taught me.



Have You Got It?

“Be thankful in every situations with
whatever you have ”



nce upon a time, a tourist came across a remote coastal city in Europe.

There in the city, he saw a magnificent palace which was a work of great architecture.

He marvelled at the beautiful art. He had visited many countries but had never seen such a beautiful building. After looking at it for long, he wished to know who it's owner was. He asked a passerby, “Who owns this building?”

That man was in a hurry and he could not understand the tourist's language. He replied, “*Can't festeron*” (which meant, I did not understand what you said) and went on his way. The tourist thought that Cant Festeron must be the name of the richest man of the city.

Travelling around, he came upon the port where he saw goods being loaded and unloaded from huge ships. He

asked a man who was unloading large boxes from the ship, "Who owns these ships and goods?" The labourer was busy with his job and said, "*Can't festeron*" that is, "I did not understand what you said." The tourist was now sure that this man Cant Festeron was not only rich but famous as well, who owned large ships and palaces. This was amazing. He must be able to get anything with his money, every luxury and satisfaction.

"Oh...! If only I could be as wealthy as this man is," wished the tourist.

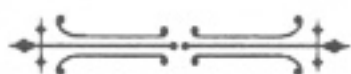
Thinking about all this, he came out of the city limits. When he reached the turning, he saw a funeral procession coming from the opposite side. The procession was a grand one with a black casket carried on an expensive horse-carriage. All people were wearing black clothes and the horse was also black.

The tourist made out from all this that the man must have been an important one. But who was he? He wanted to know such an important personality. He walked fast and entered the procession. After a few steps, he asked one of the men about the deceased. "Sir, what was his name?" Since that person could not understand his language, he whispered, "*Can't festeron*" meaning, "I did not understand what you said."

“*Cant Festeron.....!*” he murmured. This really grieved him. He said in his heart, “Allah acts upon His will. This man who had so much wealth, the best residence and valuable goods lived such a brief life. At least he should have got enough years to enjoy these comforts and spend money according to his choice. Lost in his thoughts, he reached the graveyard where the man was buried.”

All people returned to their homes. The tourist also returned to his hotel with a heavy heart. But he was changed forever. Now he did not dislike being poor any more. He no longer had a wish for any riches.

He was thinking that what would be the use of having so much wealth if one couldn't use it. It was useless to waste one's life running after things which would be transferred to others. After this day, he never felt sad at his poverty.



Serving the Humanity

“One can be a supporter
of helpless people.”



“**A**aqib, Aaqib.....! What have you been doing? What are you holding in your hands?” Dada Abbu (Grand father) inquired in a sharp tone.

“Dada Abbu..! These things have become rotten therefore I am going to throw them away.” Aaqib replied.

“Show me!” said Dada Abbu. He showed him a plastic bag containing Biryani (multicoloured rice cooked in soup) and salad. After carefully examining it, his Dada Abbu concluded that the edibles were perfectly alright. He reprimanded Aaqib, “You should have kept these in the fridge for some other time. I am surprised that you have no value for the Rizq (subsistence) that Allah Ta’ala has blessed you with.”

“I could not eat it,” came a confession from Aaqib.

“This is not the case my son. The fact is that you

have always seen such an abundance of Naimats (bounties) that you do not realize how hard-earned they are. How easily you were going to throw it away as rubbish. Its not your fault as such. Come with me and I will take you somewhere.” Both of them then got into the car.”

Aaqib was a student of class seventh. He belonged to a rich family. Since he was the only child, his parents and grandfather doted on him. He had the best food to eat and a new model car for going to school.

The car was now treading on uneven ways. It was a desolate place with no population in sight. Then came a few tents. Near those tents, Dada Abbu and Aaqib got out of their car.

Many men, women, children and elderly people were sitting under the open sky as if they did not feel the scorching heat.

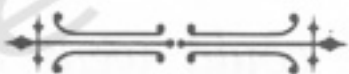
A woman came running to them and said, “Sir, my child feeds on milk and his milk and many things have been destroyed.”

Another man came to them and said, “Excuse her, sir, she has gone mad as her child and husband died due to scarcity of food. I am her father.”

“Look my son, uptil now you had only seen life from one angle. Here you will meet people who have not eaten since many days. If you and your friends give them something from your pocket money, they will be able to feed themselves,” Dada Abbu said.

All of this saddened Aaqib. The next day, he came up to Dada Abbu and announced proudly, “Dada Abbu, lets go over to the same place. I have gathered a blanket, lots of clothes and edibles for the needy people living there.”

“Good job my son! You have won my heart”, came a hearty reply from Dada Abbu and they both hurried away to reach there as soon as possible.



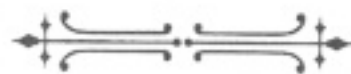
If only.....

○ how I wish it didn't always rain
British weather drives me insane
○ no! Now the sun's aching my eyes
This kind of weather really fries

If only my hair was little more curly
If only the sun didn't rise so early
○ dear, these ring lets just don't suit me
○ how I wish house work would set me free

My nose is really rather too big
If only I could wear a wig
If only strawberries grew in winter
If only wood didn't splinter

Allah has blessed us with everything
Our bare existence is such a blessing
Yet we throw it all back without a word of thanks
○ if only we were grateful



A Camel and a Jackal

“Bad deeds can come
back to haunt you.”



here was a great friendship between a camel and a jackal. Both always stayed and ate together.

One day, they made a plan to eat water-melons. The water-melon grew on the other side of the river.

The jackal said to the camel, “Friend, you are able to cross the river but how would I?”

The friendly camel said, “Don't worry. I will carry you there on my back.”

Both went across the river and started eating water-melons. Jackal had a small stomach and therefore he felt satiated and started to scream.

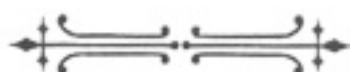
The camel requested him, not to make noises as it would alarm the farmer and his sons. He wanted to eat

more.

The jackal said that it was its habit and if it does not scream it will have stomach-ache and thus kept on shouting. The farmer and his sons came there and severely beat the camel. The jackal hid behind a bush and did not come to its rescue.

Afterwards, when the camel reached the riverside, the jackal jumped onto its back. When they reached the middle of the river, the camel took a deep plunge. The Jackal asked it not to do such an exercise as it will drown it. The camel replied that if it does not swim after eating it will have stomach-ache. With this it drowned the jackal.

Friends...! We should not make it a habit to take revenge and must try to forgive those who do wrong to us. This way, Allah Ta'ala will put love between us.



For the Sake of Allah

“Try to do everything to
please Allah Ta’ala.”



A long time ago there was a pious man, who used to pray day and night. One day some people came and told him that there was a forest where a tree was being worshipped by a group of people. On hearing this the pious man picked up an axe and went to that tree with the intention of cutting and uprooting it altogether.

Satan (the Devil) came to him in the form of an old man and asked, “What are you aiming to do?” The pious man explained what was happening and his intention to cut the tree. Satan said, “Why do you want to do it? If Allah wanted the tree to be cut, he would send his Prophet عليه السلام to do it.”

The pious man did not listen to the Satan. Both of them got into an argument till a fight started. He managed to knock the Satan down on the floor and sat on him, aiming to cut his throat. The Satan begged him for pardon

and release saying, "Let me suggest you one thing which would help you in this world as well as in the next world. I will pay you two gold coins everyday. You can give one to the poor and spend one for your own self. Leave this tree uncut till Allah commands you on whether it is right or wrong to cut it."

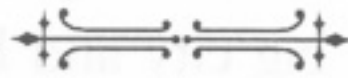
The pious man was misled by the Satan. He thought the suggestion was right and returned home. On the second day, he saw two coins under his pillow. He was delighted with the money and spent some on the poor. But on the following day, he did not see the money again as expected, so he again took up his axe and set up for the tree. Again Satan came to him in the form of an old man and asked him, "What do you want to do?" He said, "I want to cut that tree." Satan told him that he had no power to do it so it was better he went back home. He did not agree and again they fought. This time the Satan succeeded in overpowering the pious man and knocked him down on the floor.

The pious man recognised him and was surprised at this and asked Satan why it so happened that he could not overpower him this time. The Satan replied, "Whoever does a good deed purely for the pleasure of Allah, no one can face him but if he does it with an aim of worldly gain,



then he loses strength and faces failure.”

Why did the pious man win on the first day and lose on the second in his fight against the Satan? Because his first intention to cut the tree, was to please Allah and nothing else. But the second day, his good intention had changed and it had become for the sake of money. So the spiritual strength given by Allah which he had on the first day had then disappeared and so he lost.



The Lunch Thief

“Beware of suspicion, for suspicion is the worst of false tales, and do not look for the other’s faults...” {Hadith}



Part 1



Once, not very long ago, in the city of Karachi there lived a little girl called Ayesha. Karachi was a very big city and had people of all religions living in it. Ayesha went to a big public school in the city which had many students. So, although most of the children in Ayesha’s school were Muslims, there were also lots of children from other religions as well.

One day, at school, Ayesha got an unpleasant surprise. It was during the lunch break and she was very hungry. She hadn’t eaten much breakfast that morning because she had woken up late and had to hurry to get to school on time. So, for the past hour or so, her stomach had groaned and grumbled and she was looking forward to the break to eat her mother’s delicious cheese and tomato sandwiches. The moment the bell rang, Ayesha opened her schoolbag, pulled out her lunch-tin and ran out of the classroom. She was so hungry that she didn’t even wait for



her friends. She quickly found a place to sit on the playground and opened her lunch-tin eagerly. But she was in for a shock. Because her lunch-tin was empty. Ayesha was confused. She was sure that while hurrying around getting ready for school that morning, she had seen her mother put the sandwiches into the tin. Her mother had even called out to her as she was rushing out of the door, that she had prepared cheese sandwiches for her lunch.

“So what could have happened to the sandwiches?” Ayesha asked herself. “Maybe, it fell out of the lunch-tin as I was hurrying to the playground.”

Ayesha tried tracing the steps she had taken a few minutes earlier when she had walked from her classroom to the playground. But the sandwiches were nowhere to be seen. Ayesha looked all around on the ground as she walked back to her classroom but there was no sign of the sandwiches anywhere.

“Maybe they fell down when I took my lunch-tin out of my bag,” Ayesha thought in her mind. She entered her classroom and looked on the floor around her seat but still no sandwiches. Ayesha was by now quite upset. Her stomach was now grumbling loudly and she looked around quickly, hoping that no-one could hear the sounds coming from her stomach.

Ayesha got up from the floor and sat down on her seat with a sigh. She didn't know what to do. She was starving and when she looked at her watch she saw that the lunch break was almost over. She hadn't even had any time to speak to her friends. The bell rang and classes began again but all Ayesha could think about was her grumbling stomach and her lost sandwiches. A pain was starting to develop in her stomach and it made Ayesha think of all those poor children she passed on the street everyday on her way to school. She always tried to run away from them as they followed her, begging for food. She had never ever thought about them or how they felt, but now she knew.

"Maybe Allah is punishing me for ignoring those children," she thought. "I must remember to ask mama if we can do something about helping those children."

Ayesha's thoughts strayed back to her sandwiches and she couldn't wait to get back home to ask her mother if she had really put the sandwiches into the tin. And then she realised that it was her mother who had put the tin into her bag.

"Surely mama wouldn't put an empty tin into my bag. Anyway, school will soon be over and then I'll be able to get home and solve the mystery," she said to herself, softly.

But at home, the mystery deepened. Ayesha's mother insisted that she had put the sandwiches into the tin that morning, and Ayesha shook her head as she racked her mind trying to figure out what could have made the sandwiches disappear. And the next morning, as Ayesha ate her breakfast, her mother showed her her sandwiches as she put them into the tin.

At school, as Ayesha walked with her friends to their classroom, she told them about the lost sandwiches and they all thought of reasons for the sandwiches disappearing. They laughed and thought that it was all a big joke. Ayesha didn't laugh because she still remembered how upset and hungry she had been the day before.

Later that morning, when the bell rang for the lunch break, Ayesha opened her lunch tin to check inside first, before leaving her classroom. She gasped when she realised that her tin was empty again and as Ayesha sank to her seat in shock, her friend Fatimah hurried over to her, whispering loudly,

"Guess what? My tin's empty today. I put my biscuits in myself and now they're gone. Is your lunch there?" Ayesha shook her head as Fatimah peeked into Ayesha's empty lunch tin. She pulled up a chair next to Ayesha

and asked,

“What do you think happened to our lunches?”

“There’s only one answer,” said Ayesha. “I thought about it yesterday but I didn’t think it could be true. But now I’m beginning to believe it. Someone must have stolen the lunches. We all left the class when we went for physical exercise. The person must have come in then and taken the lunches. That’s the only explanation.”

Fatimah nodded in agreement.

“I was thinking the same thing. But who could it be?” she asked Ayesha.

Just then, Maryam, another girl from their class, walked in.

“What are you two whispering about?” she asked, her eyes all the while roaming the floor, as if she were looking for something.

“Nothing much,” answered Ayesha. “We were just discussing our lunches, which seem to have disappeared.”

To be continued

A Good Time

“There are many ways to fight, but the best
is with your brain”

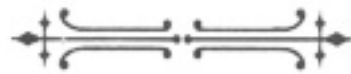


A long time ago a King asked his ministers regarding planting plants. There was a fortune teller in the palace. He calculated everything and said to the King. This afternoon is the best time to plant plants.

The King asked for the gardener. His servant told him that he would come in the evening. So the King decided to plant the plants by himself. He ordered his servants to dig holes for the plants. Then the King went outside in the garden and planted all the plants. In the evening the gardener came to the palace garden and saw all the plants planted on a wrong place and without his opinion. The gardener took out all the plants and left them in the garden to replant them. The servant told the king that gardener had taken out all the plants.

The King got very angry and called the gardener in to the palace. The King asked the gardener; “Why did you

take out all the plants that I had planted? I asked the fortune teller about the good time to plant the plants. He told me this afternoon was the best time. I will punish you severely if you can not give me a good reason for doing so.” The gardener paused and said politely, “Your Honor! How it can be a good time to plant plants? plants could not even stay in their places even one evening.” After listening to this, The King became very happy and fired the fortune teller.



A Funny Story

“Taking the easy way out usually makes things harder”

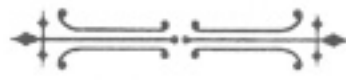


Some time ago three friends came to the city of Karachi from Lahore. They took a room in a hotel. Their room ended up being on the 15th floor. The hotel policy was to shut down the elevators every night at 12:00 midnight. This was done because of security reasons. Next day, the three friends rented a car and went out to travel around the city.

They visited Quaid-e-Azam's Tomb, Seaside, Famous Masjids and other places the whole day. They forgot all about that they have to get back before midnight. When they got hotel, it was past 12:00 a.m.

The elevators were shut down as usual. There was no other way to get back to their room but to take the stairs all the way to the 15th floor. One friend had an idea. He said “For the first 5 floors, I will tell jokes to keep us going. Then another one of us could tell wisdom

stories for the next 5 floors. For the last 5 floors we will listen to sad stories.” One of the friends started with the jokes. The first 5 floors went by with laughter and joy. Now, another friend started telling stories that were full of wisdom. So, they learned a lot while reaching the 10th floor. Now, it was time for the sad stories. So, the third friend started, “My first sad story is that I left the bunch of keys for the room in the car.”



Sand and Stone

“To forego the mistakes of a friend and remember
his kindness is the sign of a
good friend



Two friends Kamran and Rehan were walking through the desert on a hot sunny afternoon. The sun's heat was falling directly on their heads. They were very thirsty for water and very hungry for food. Anger overcame them and they got into an argument. The argument got more and more heated and eventually Kamran hit Rehan across his face. Rehan felt hurt inside, but without saying anything, he wrote in the sand, “Today, my best friend slapped me on the face.”

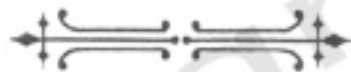
They kept on walking, until finally they came across a pond of water, where they decided to stop and wash themselves. Rehan jumped into the pond and began to swim, while Kamran sat back and relaxed. All of a sudden Rehan began to scream and shout. He was having difficulty in keeping his head above water, he was drowning.

Kamran dived into the pond to save him, and brought Rehan quickly to the shore. When Rehan had recovered

from the shock, he scratched a message on a nearby stone:

“Today, my best friend saved my life.”

Kamran who had saved and slapped his best friend Rehan, asked him, “Why, after I hurt you, you wrote in the sand, and now you are writing on a stone?” Ibrabim smiled and replied, “When a friend hurts us, we should write his deeds in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness can blow it away, and when a friend does something good, we should engrave it in stone, where it will remain forever.”



A Helicopter

“Allah tests people, sometimes by fulfilling their wishes
& sometimes by making them poor, so be patient
and grateful for, what you have”



he room was full of wonderful toys. Toys were lying everywhere. Beautiful and lovely toys. Ayesha was looking at them with wonder and amusement.

Suddenly she picked up a beautiful helicopter lying at her feet. Ayesha loved helicopters. She wished to have one to play with. She had asked her mother to buy her one but her mother had ignored the request as she was unable to afford it. Ayesha's wish could not be fulfilled. She lovingly touched the helicopter and was about to put it back when Shazia *bibi* (*bibi* as title of respect) entered into the room and saw the helicopter in Ayesha's hands. She darted towards Ayesha and slapped her hard on face. Tears rolled down Ayesha's cheek and she looked with helplessness at Shazia.

“You wretched fool...! How dare you touched my

helicopter. What if it got broken?"

She became red with rage. Ayesha kept silent and did not answer. Her silence increased Shazia's anger.

"Why don't you answer me? Tell me, why did you take my toy?"

"Er....um...uh", Ayesha was at a loss for words.

"Whats this er.....?"

"Shazia *bibi*, I liked this helicopter but...!"

"But it is too expensive for you to afford. Am I right?" asked Shazia arrogantly.

"Ye....yes....",

"Get lost and beware...! Do not ever enter my room without permission."

"Alright," replied Ayesha and came out of her room with a broken heart. That night, while trying to sleep, she questioned her mother, "Ammi (mother), why did Allah Ta'ala make us poor? Why didn't He give us lots of money and toys like Shazia *bibi* and her parents. Tell me, why Ammi why, why did He withhold all of it from us?"

“My child..! Allah Ta’ala gives to whomsoever he wishes to. We are helpless against His will. We should try to be happy in His will. He tests people, sometimes by fulfilling their wishes and sometimes by making them poor. He wants to see those who succeed in these trials and rewards them in Aakhirah.”

“My love, Allah Ta’ala has made us poor and has not blessed us with wealth but there must be some reason for that. We should thank him for the other naimats (bounties) he has blessed us with, like health. Atleast we do not have to beg in order to make our living. Instead we earn our bread through hard work.”

“That’s alright, but can’t He give me just one helicopter. Please ask Allah Ta’ala for me. I really want to have one.” Ayesha’s mother did not know what to say when the door bell rang.

“Who is there?”

“Zubaida (Ayesha’s mother), open the door. It’s me.”

Recognizing Shazia’s mother voice, Ayesha quickly opened the door.

“Madam, you! and at this hour!” Ayesha asked with

great surprise.

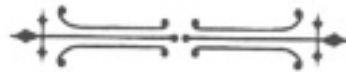
Ayesha saw that her hands were folded behind her back and she was holding something in them.

“Don't worry, I have got a gift for you.”

“A gift...! For me...!” Ayesha was totally surprised. She could not even dream of Shazia's mother, who was a rich lady, would get her a present.

“I got to know from Shazia that you like helicopters so I got one for you too. Look....”

Shazia's mother brought out a beautiful helicopter from behind her back. Ayesha jumped with joy. She took it from her, thanked and ran off to the room. Her mother kept on calling after her but friends! Don't you think that she was just too excited right now to answer.



Saad's Plan

“And Say: My Lord..! Have mercy
on them both {parents} as they did
care for me when I was little.”



Part ③

After breakfast, Saad left the house. But he did not go to school. Instead, he walked to the bus-stop and caught a bus to daadi's old-age home. It was his first visit there and he was filled with disappointment and dread as he walked through the broken, and rusty gates towards an old grey building. The paint was peeling off the walls and the garden was full of weeds and overgrown grass. He thought of his parents and prayed to Allah Ta'ala to forgive them for forcing daadi to live in this terrible place. Saad found his grandmother all alone in her tiny bedroom with a matchbox of a window. She was overjoyed to see him and she kept hugging and kissing him. Although she was smiling from ear to ear, Saad could see the pain and loneliness in her eyes. The time passed quickly and Saad could not bear to leave her in this terrible place. But he had no choice. With Allah's help, it wouldn't be for much longer.

Saad walked into his home quietly and luckily, his

mother was busy on the phone so he didn't have to answer any questions. He went up to his room and sat down at his desk. After a while, his mother entered his room and sat down next to him.

"Are you doing your homework?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I'm doing something more important than homework."

"What can be more important than your homework?" she asked in a surprised voice.

"This," he said, showing her the forms that were already half filled.

"I picked these up today. When you mentioned how long it took papa to get daadi a room at that expensive nursing home, I decided to make it easier for myself. If I fill out these forms for you and papa now, then by the time I get married, the home would have the rooms ready for you. Don't you think it is very clever of me to be so well prepared. I don't want go through all the problems that papa went through."

Saad's mother was so shocked that she just stared at her son. And then her eyes fell on a piece of paper lying next to her on the bed. She picked it up and when she

read the verses of Quran and Hadith that Saad had written down the day before, tears sprang into her eyes. How foolish she had been....! She didn't realise that one day she would be old as well. She didn't realise that by putting Saad's grandmother in a home, she had taught him the complete opposite of the Quran and Sunnah of our beloved Nabi Muhammad ﷺ. She had taught him that it was okay to discard our old when we get tired of them. She stood up suddenly and tried to say something but no words would come out of her mouth. She walked quietly to the door and went to her room. She stayed in her room for a long time and when Saad's father came home, he went straight into his bedroom and didn't come out for a long while. Saad knew what they were discussing and he prayed to Allah to make his plan work. He didn't want to hurt his parents but this was the only way that he could help daadi. Besides, he had made a promise to Allah and this was the only way he could keep it.

Saad fell asleep and when he awoke, he noticed that it was already dark outside. He jumped up off the bed and ran downstairs.

'Why has nobody woken me up for supper? Surely they couldn't be that angry with me.' he thought to himself.

Saad's mother was busy in the kitchen and when she

heard him enter, she turned around to face him, with a big smile on her face. She was about to speak when there was a loud hooting from outside.

“We have a visitor,” screamed Saad, as he ran to open the front door. What he saw outside made him scream with shock and excitement.

“Daadi, daadi...! I don’t believe it..! Thank you papa and mama. This is the happiest day of my life.”

Saad ran up to his grandmother and gave her a big hug and kiss. He then ran up to his parents and hugged them as well. And after making sure that daadi was settled in her room once again, Saad went outside, looked up into the dark sky and thanked Allah for his help in getting daadi home again and most of all, for making it easier for him to keep his promise.



Pearls of Wisdom

“My Sahaba رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ are like (guiding) stars.
Whomsoever you follow, you will be
guided (on the right path). {Hadith}



Abdullah Ibne Abbas's رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ deep knowledge of the Qur'an has won him the popular title of “Hibrul Ummah” or Sage of the Ummat. His knowledge, intelligence and juristic acumen was acknowledged and accepted by all the Sahabah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ .

Abdullah Ibne Abbas رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ wasn't only a very great commentator of the Qur'an, but he was also a distinguished jurist among the Sahabah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ . He occupied a unique and distinguished position in the galaxy of narrators of Prophetic Traditions, and he was a shining star in the field of Arabic grammar, prose and literary arts. He was gifted in spontaneously answering the questions of his rivals, leaving them stunned and speechless. He could solve intricate issues and queries on the spur of the moment, when other people had all given up hope of solving them. Abdullah's رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ sharp wittedness was loved by all the Sahabah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ .

When any complicated case or query would come to an intelligent Khaleefah like 'Umar رضي الله عنه, he would refer them to Ibne Abbas رضي الله عنه saying, “You are most capable of handling these delicate issues.”

We wish to present an example of this Allah-given wisdom from the pages of history.

Hercules, the Emperor of Rome had sent a letter to Ameer Mu'aawiyah رضي الله عنه consisting of some most intricate questions, which were actually meant to test his knowledge and understanding.

Hadhrat Mu'aawiyah رضي الله عنه sent the questions to Ibne Abbas رضي الله عنه .

The questions of the Emperor and the answers of Abdullah Ibne Abbas رضي الله عنه are as follows:

Q. What is matter and what is non-matter?

A. Basically, matter is water, because it is from water that all forms of life originated, and because matter is essentially dependent on water, so water is in reality matter. In the Qur'an Allah Ta'ala says “and We have created all living things from water.”

On the other hand the world is non-matter, because

it has been brought into existence to be destroyed. So the existence of the world is like the existence of a shadow which is eventually to disappear, and anything that exists depending on it will also become non-existent, so in reality the world is non-matter. The Qur'an says: "The life of this world is nothing but play and pastime."

Q. What are the four things which have a soul, but they neither originated from the father's back nor did they stay in the mother's womb?

A. The four things which were born with life, but had no contact with the father's back or the mother's womb are as follows:

- a) Aadam عليه السلام about whom Allah Ta'ala says in the Qur'an "I have created Aadam with my two hands."
- b) Hawwa عليها السلام who was born from the left rib of Aadam عليه السلام.
- c) The camel of Saalih عليه السلام which emerged from a rock as a miracle.
- d) The ram of Isma'eel عليه السلام which came from Jannah as a ransom for his life.

Q. Which human was born without a father?

A. Eesa عليه السلام .

Q. Which human didn't have a mother?

A. Aadam عليه السلام .

Q. Which grave moved around with its inmate?

A. It was the fish which had swallowed Yunus عليه السلام into its belly and moved around in the ocean, and that is why he is called "Man of fish" in the Qur'an. The Qur'an informs us further, "The fish swallowed him, and he was admonishing himself. Had he not recited the tasbeeh, he would have remained in the belly of the fish till the Day of Judgement."

Q. Which tree has grown without water?

A. It was the gourd tree which grew over Yunus عليه السلام when he was thrown out from the fish, and shaded him from the sun. Says Allah Ta'ala in the Qur'an, "So We cast him on the shore and he was sick, and We made a gourd tree over him."

Q. Where did the sun shine once only and will never shine again?

A. It was the sea-bed which had been exposed to the sunlight when the Red Sea had opened to make way for

the Israelites when the water had separated and had stood up like a wall on the opposite side, making twelve pathways for the 12 tribes to pass through them. The sun had only shone on this part of the earth on that occasion and never after that. Allah Ta'ala says in the Qur'an, "And when We separated the sea for you, and rescued you, and drowned the folk of Pharaoh and you were watching."

Q. What moved only once since the time of creation and never moved before or after?

A. It was Mount Sinai (Toor), which had been lifted up from its place and flown on two wings by the power of Allah and suspended on the heads of the Banoo Isra'eel in the Holy Land, when they had become arrogant and conceited, they were commanded to believe in the Tawraah, or else the mountain would be dropped on them. They thereupon accepted the Book of Allah Ta'ala reluctantly. The Qur'an says, "And remember the time when we suspended the mount above them as if it were a covering, and they supposed that it was going to fall on them, (and We told them) 'Hold fast to that which we have given you, and remember that which is therein, so that you may acquire piety'."

Q. What breathes but has no soul?

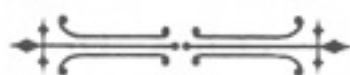
A. The thing that breathes but has no soul is the "morning".



When the darkness of the night comes it brings peacefulness, and quietness, and a kind of sad atmosphere engulfs the earth, and when the morning comes, it brings activity, movement and liveliness in the world, and it seems that the world has become alive, and everybody is breathing and living once more. So it is the morning which breathes life into everything, but yet in itself it doesn't possess a soul. The Qur'an refers to this life-giving quality in these words, "Nay, by the morning when it breathes."

Q. Which is the only Deen accepted by Allah?

A. The only Deen (religion) and way of life acceptable to Allah Ta'ala, and besides which no other religion will be accepted is "Laa ilaaha illallaahu".



The Lunch Thief

“We can not accuse anyone of anything unless we have proof and witness.”



Part ②

Maryam's eyes opened wide and she hurried over to the two girls.

“You too?” she asked in amazement.

“My things have been missing for the past few days now. First it was my pen case, then my lunch yesterday and today, my apple is missing. I came back here to look for it but I don't think I dropped it. I think it's been stolen. And I think I know who is the thief.”

“You do?” the two girls asked together. “Who is it? Tell us..!”

Maryam nodded her head and said,

“Do you know that Christian boy, John, in our class? I think he's the crook. He's always hanging around the class during the lunch breaks and he uses a pen that looks

a lot like my pen that was stolen.”

“But did you actually see him taking the things?” Ayesha asked Maryam.

“No, of course not, silly. He wouldn’t have taken anything if he knew that I was watching. At least he didn’t steal our lunch-tins! Anyway, I’m quite sure it was him. He’s not a Muslim, you know.”

“Yes, but we are,” said Ayesha. “But since we don’t have any proof, we can’t accuse him. The best thing we can do is speak to Miss Najia, our teacher. Maybe she’ll know what to do.”

The other girls nodded their heads in agreement.

And although they knew that they couldn’t accuse John without any proof, they found themselves watching his every move for the rest of the day.

After school, when the rest of the children had left the classroom, the girls approached their teacher.

“Miss Najia,” said Fatimah, “We have a small problem.”

“What is it?” their teacher asked. She was busy marking test papers and answered without looking up from her work.

Fatimah looked at the other girls and seeing her hesitation, Ayesha said quickly, "Our things are being stolen from our bags and we don't know what to do. Maryam thinks that it's John but the only proof that she has is that he uses a pen that looks just like her stolen one."

Maryam glared at Ayesha and interrupted, "I'm not very sure, Miss Najia. It's just that he always hangs around near the classroom and so I thought that it could only be him. And besides, he's a Christian, you know"

"Yes, but that doesn't make him a thief. Did you see him steal the things with your own eyes?" Miss Najia asked. She had by now stopped the marking the papers and looked directly at Maryam, who was starting to feel a bit uncomfortable.

"How can I be so stupid to accuse someone without any proof? What will Miss Najia think of me now?" Maryam asked herself in her mind.

"No, I didn't actually see him," she answered. "It's just that....."

"Girls," Miss Najia interrupted, "We are Muslims. And one of the main principles that Islam teaches us is that

we cannot accuse anyone of anything unless we have proof and witnesses. Don't you girls remember the Hadith of our beloved Prophet Muhammad ﷺ that teaches us about suspicion?"

The girls looked at their feet and didn't know what to say. They remembered learning the Hadith a few weeks ago but somehow, they had just forgotten about it. In fact, it was Miss Najia who had taught it to them in their Islamic Studies class.

Miss Najia saw the guilt on their faces and said kindly, "It's okay, girls. We all make mistakes. But you should have at least remembered something of my lesson from three weeks ago. Anyway, at least you had the good sense to not accuse John in front of the whole class. Now, should I go over that lesson with you again before we decide on what to do?"

The girls smiled and took their seats while Miss Najia took out her files to look for the lesson.

"Now," she said to the girls. "I'm sure that you all know which Hadith lesson I am going to discuss. You must remember that everything that our Prophet ﷺ said was meant to guide us in our lives today. And in this Hadith he says, 'Beware of suspicion, for suspicion is the worst of

false tales.....' I will stop there because that part is what we need to understand today."

She then made each girl explain to her what they remembered from the lesson. She was surprised that each girl had remembered quite a lot from her explanation about the whole Hadith and not just the part that she read that day.

"My dear girls, it seems like you all remember my explanation of the Hadith so well. You understand that, to Allah, suspicion is regarded to be as worse as a lie. In fact it is one of the worst lies you could ever tell. But you know all this. Why then did you not practice on it? You know, reading and understanding Hadith is not enough. We have to try and practice on it and make it a part of our lives as well. Then only will we truly understand a Hadith. Do you girls know who we have to thank for recording these wonderful Hadith?"

Fatimah's hand shot up in the air as she answered quickly, "It was the Sahaba, the friends and companions of our Nabi ﷺ. They remembered and wrote down everything that our beloved Nabi ﷺ said and did."

"Very good, Fatimah," Miss Najia smiled, "but do you

know what they did before they recorded these Hadith?”

The girls kept silent and looked at each other, each one hoping that the other would know the answer as they did not want to disappoint Miss Najia again.

But no-one knew the answer and so Miss Najia answered, “They practiced the Hadith first. Before recording any Hadith, they first practiced it and made it part of their way of living. They believed in living according to the Sunnah of our beloved Prophet ﷺ first, and then only did they record it for us. So you see, we should not make ourselves happy by just reading the Hadith. We must make it part of our way of living and you know what?”

The girls shook their heads, not knowing what Miss Najia was going to say next.

Seeing their shaking heads, Miss Najia continued, “The more we practice the Hadith, the easier it will become. And the best part is that Allah rewards us everytime we practice on any Hadith. Now, I’m sure you girls will agree that accusing John without any proof was against the Sunnah. Here’s some news for you. John is innocent. He has been reporting to me, everyday, from last week, which is why you always see him hanging around the classroom. You see, his lunch is being stolen, everyday, from last week. So he

can't be your thief, Maryam. Even if he's a Christian."

The girls didn't know what to say. They felt so ashamed. Especially Maryam. Tears started to roll down her cheeks when she realized how wrong she had been.

Miss Najia noticed her anguish and said kindly, "Don't worry, girls. John and I have worked out a plan and I'm going to put it into action tomorrow."

The girls were so relieved and walked out of the classroom with smiles on their faces.

The next morning, Miss Najia announced to the class, "It seems like we have a very hungry person in our classroom. He or she has been stealing the other student's lunches. Now, I don't know who you are that is doing the stealing, but I will bring sandwiches for you everyday. Do not worry. I will not tell anyone who you are nor will I punish you. I understand that you are stealing because you are hungry and don't have any food. But stealing is wrong and by filling your stomach, you are making another student go hungry. So, come to me when I am alone and I will give you your lunch, everyday. I promise!"

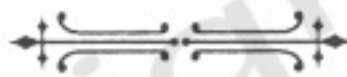
After that day, nothing was ever stolen again. Ayesha, Fatima and Maryam admired the way Miss Najia had sorted out the whole problem without hurting anyone's feelings



and so they made a promise to each other, that after every Hadith class, they would go home and try to practice the Hadith immediately. And they did.

Our beloved Nabi ﷺ said:

“Beware of suspicion, for suspicion is the worst of false tales, and do not look for the other’s faults and do not spy and do not be jealous of one another and do not desert [cut your relation with] one another, and do not hate one another, and O’ Allah’s worshippers! Be brothers!” [Bukhari]



Introduction

A civilized society can only be formed if the builders of the future i.e. the youngsters of today, from the very beginning of their age, are made familiar with the true spirit and the complete practical approach of Islamic philosophy of life. Dream of creating a virtuous and civilized Islamic society will continue to be a mirage if either of these two factors remains deficient. Contemporary curriculum is creating a self-contradictory element in the personalities of our children. It teaches *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* as a compulsory subject but do not pay enough attention to the integration of these principles of *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* in practical life.

Our those companions who are running religious institutions, and are familiar with the importance of learning contemporary sciences and want to enlighten their students with the light of these sciences, still remain reluctant to implement these courses in their institutions because the contemporary curriculum has not been prepared under any organized ethical plan. If any such effort has ever been made, it has been done without keeping any religious point of view in mind.

Now, *Al-Hamdulillah*, a well-balanced team of scholars has undertaken the task of addressing this problem. The team has scholars both from religious institutions and modern universities. The group has prepared some books at the initial stage. In preparation of these books, care has been taken to maintain not only the contemporary style but also the requirements of *Shari'iah*. Furthermore, a set of co-curricular books has also been prepared for the elementary and secondary level students. We hope that these books will elevate the educational standard of our children and the other goals such as religious and ethical training, inculcation of religious spirit and revival of interest in learning Arabic language will also be achieved.

We earnestly request all those people who are interested in educational activities or are engaged in writing and compilation works to send us their valuable recommendations. We also appeal them to pray for us besides taking practical steps because it is a collective responsibility of the whole *Ummah*.

Therefore, the owners, administrators and teachers of schools are requested to make efforts to introduce and implement these books in their institutions. *Insha-Allah*, by doing so, the auspicious results of these books will benefit the *Ummah* and the dream of creating a religious and civilized Islamic society will turn into a reality. May Allah Ta'ala give us Divine help and inspiration to carry out this virtuous mission. *Ameen*.

Bait-ul-ilm Trust.